The Duchess' Tutor

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The Duchess' Tutor

by MagnifyingGlass

Summary

Hannibal AU! Disgraced from his former career, Will Graham is running out of options for employment. He takes up a precarious tutoring position for Duchess Abigail Lecter of Varéna. He was given three months to prove himself a capable teacher and it hasn't been going well. He has one month left to earn his position from a resistant student but must also garner favor with the Duke of Varéna, Hannibal Lecter. It is proving harder than expected. The Duke is so welcoming and soft in Will's dreams (and fabulous dreams they are) but in real life, he's less than polite and Will can't figure it out.

Notes

This is my attempt as writing something short and sweet, and I kinda succeeded, idk. I also know next to nothing about Regency era life so eh. This is another BL adaptation from mangapuma titled The Duke's Private Tutor. Updating weekly.

Chapter 1

The fuzzy, warm feeling of having nowhere to be and nothing to do was rare for Will Graham. In his months prior, another day without meaningful work would have left him panicked and overwrought with distress. But today, in the quiet chill of a burgeoning autumn day, Will had absolutely nothing to do except lay in bed and heal.

Maybe he could take another dose of honeyed laudanum, just to dull the sharper edges of his wound. Then he could sleep all he wanted.

And maybe, just maybe, if he willed it enough, he could have another sinfully delicious dream of clever fingers, of strong arms, of parted lips running trails along his skin. Another dream of the duke bending him over a wrought-iron bedframe, curving deep above him and thrusting a thick length into his pliant body as he promised praise and reward for protecting his family.

It wasn't the first dream he'd had of his employer, Lord Duke Lecter. But it was the best. The first dream he'd conjured was the drunken, hazy flash of sticky fumbling in Lecter manor's foyer, of Will's knees aching against cold marble as he opened for a searing length tunneling into his throat. Lord Duke's fingers in his curls threatening to pluck fine strands free. The hiss of an impending orgasm quickly stoppered before they woke the household.

What dreams they were. Will sighed, heavily saddened. Only dreams.

He struggled to sit, wincing as he used his wounded wrist to prop himself up amongst folds wash-worn blankets. A heavy, oaken paneled door opened to his right, startling him to attention. The Duchess of Varéna slipped into the room, eyes downcast and hands tucked behind her back in diffidence.

"Miss Abigail!" Will started, covering his nightclothes with a quick flip of sheets.

Abigail ambled toward his bed at the urging of fierce whispers from behind the door. Finely flowered pleats and trailing silk swept round her ankles. She looked so small, so awkwardly childish as she approached.

"What brings you to my – um.." Will glanced around. This must be the servants' quarters. "-here?"

A delicately wrapped box was thrust toward him, her mouth set in a firm line. Abigail's gaze didn't lift from a fringe of dark hair shadowing her face. "This is a thank you for protecting us yesterday. They're my favorite chocolates. I hope you get better soon," she mumbled, rushing her words.

Will was stunned. Abigail hadn't taken to him at all in the short two months he'd spent as her tutor. The quick sniff of her dismissive acknowledgement at their introduction had bloomed a small flare of apprehension in his gut. He really needed this job and it hadn't started out well. He'd made little headway in gaining her favor during the past weeks' stilted lessons. Abigail

was stubborn, petulant even, in the face of his attempts to instruct and correct. He could hardly blame her; he was another faceless, nigh-temporary teacher and she was only nine years old.

He was becoming more and more discouraged, nearing hopeless as his three-month audition of tutorship was nearing an end. If she dismissed him at the end of October, he would be out on the streets again, destitute and prospectless. No one else would hire him. He'd have to leave the only town he'd known his entire life.

Will accepted the gift with a careful smile. "Um, yes - you're welcome, Miss. I'm sorry you had such a frightful scare."

"It - it was my fault," she stammered, fingers twisting together. "If I hadn't let go of Robin then that - that accident wouldn't have happened and –" Her face crumpled, voice breaking as fattened tears began slipping over her cheeks.

"I'm sorry!" She cried, whirling away to the door in a flash of dark locks and silken stays. "Eat them all!"

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In the visitor's garden, under a small rotunda of limestone pillars, Will spotted Abigail after breathless minutes of searching through fragrant flowers and dewy greenery. She was curled on brick steps, laying in the sun, and cooing at a small bundle of fur in her lap.

"Miss Abigail, please," Will panted, relief rounding his shoulders. "It's time to get back to – what is that?"

She gasped when she saw him, scrambling to hide the bundle under the folds of her skirt. "Nothing, go away."

Will approached slow, head cocked in curiosity. "Is that a rabbit?"

"Yes, it's a rabbit," Abigail admitted, eyeing him warily. "His name is Robin."

"Why are you hiding him? He's cute."

A fuzzy, speckled ear flipped to stand between her splayed fingers as she held Robin to her chest. "He is cute and I'm keeping him."

"I had dogs when I was younger," said Will, smiling as he eased himself to sit on the bricklay beside her. "Pets are good for children."

"Lady Daphne forbade me keeping him," Abigail muttered, bitter as she recalled her last tutor's short career. "She said rabbits were dirty. Good for nothing but a peasant meal. I had to release Robin to the gardens before she fed him to the dogs."

"I won't make you feed him to the dogs," promised Will. He reached a finger to stroke over Robin's small head. "You can keep – well, we can ask the Lord Duke if you can keep him. I'm sure he'd agree. I'll convince him, don't you worry."

Will wondered at his words as he said them, but the timid hope creasing Abigail's brow steeled a firm resolve in his heart.

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The wide halls of Lecter manor echoed with Will's hurried steps as he scoured the building in search of his employer. There were too many damned rooms in the place.

Robin was opportunity to gain Abigail's favor, an opportunity to prove himself a capable teacher to Hannibal Lecter, Duke of Varéna province. It wasn't only Abigail he needed to impress, after all. Their working relationship had started out a far cry better than Will's relationship with Abigail had but somewhere along the way, things soured. Hannibal was standoffish lately, almost rude, seemingly out of nowhere. He had never been overtly friendly; carrying himself with the polite but distant bearing of nobility, as was his right. But in the past few weeks, he'd been dismissive whenever Will attempted to update him of Abigail's studies. When they parted ways, Will always felt confused, downright small. Will was perpetually discouraged; near desperate for Hannibal's approval.

As his employer.

Yes, only his approval as an employer, certainly nothing else.

Will staidly decided to push past Hannibal's derision when he thought of Abigail's trusting smile in the garden. His quick pace led him round the blind corner of a quiet hallway, where he collided hard with a solid, unyielding form. His forehead bounced off something painful and he jerked back in surprise, nearly falling until a quick hand caught his arm. "Oh-"

Hannibal stood before him, offense writ on his angled features. Will was released quickly and he straightened himself, flustered as he held a hand to his forehead. "My Lord Duke, I'm so –"

"I'm sure I don't have to remind you not to run indoors," Hannibal rumbled, rubbing his chin.

"No, I apologize my Lord, it won't happened again I – I was just hastening to find you and – I'm sorry," Will finished lamely.

Hannibal stared at him, expectant. The flat line of his lips made Will feel very small indeed. Hannibal was so different in his dreams, that mouth would grin at him, alluring and soft before parting to –

"You were looking for me?"

Will cleared his throat. "Ah – yes, I –"

He straightened with all the poise he could muster with a reddening mark between his brows. "I would like to make a proposition – a suggestion, really, for…"

He trailed off, distracted by the withering look of disgust curling Hannibal's lip.

"Do you really think that's appropriate, Mister Graham?"

“What?”

“I have things to be attending to, if you don’t mind. Excuse me.” Hannibal brushed past him with flippant swing of his coattails.

Will was flabbergasted. What just happened? His opportunity to ask for Abigail’s pet was walking away from him with a barely concealed look of hatred. He couldn’t let that happen – he really needed Abigail to like him –

“Wait!” Will called.

Hannibal hesitated; hand gripped tight on the rounded bulb of a staircase newel.

“I would like to make a proposition for Abigail to obtain a pet!”

His shouted echoed down long hallways, painfully loud to Will's ears. He winced, then felt himself begin to shrivel as the proclamation was met with utter silence. Will couldn't read the expression Hannibal gave him. The quick blinking, the swelling of his shoulders. When Hannibal finally spoke, Will jumped in surprise.

“A pet?” Hannibal spit. “That’s what you were coming to find me for?”

Nodding, Will bit a lip in hopeful uncertainty. He took a steadying breath. “Interacting with animals has proven to be beneficial for children needing to learn the responsibility of caring for others. I would think nobles need that particular sort of compassion if they’re to care for an entire province one day. And, it may help with Abigail’s social skills and mental stability. She tends toward introversion and lonelin–”

A lifted hand stymied Will’s babbling. Hannibal was quiet for a time, considering Will’s proposal while scrutinizing him narrowed, honeyed eyes. He huffed a derisive laugh through his nose and shook his head.

He almost rolled his eyes, Will could tell.

“And what sort of pet would you suggest, *as her tutor?”* Near sarcastic.

What in the seven hells was his problem? It took fortitude for Will not to snort at the insult. He shrugged in what he hoped was a nonchalant gesture. “Oh, you know…something small, easily manageable indoors. A cat maybe, something fluffy and cute…or a rabbit.”

Hannibal pursed his lips in thought, fingers clawed over the newel post. “I’ll see what can be arranged.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Abigail is so cute. Hannibal is insane.

Will's career at the manor was over, certainly.

A diminutive ball of outrage was standing beside him, trembling fine and glaring with the fires of hell burning in her azure eyes.

"What is this?" Abigail hissed gesturing to the figures before them.

On the lawn beside a long row of labyrinthine hedges, stood Matthew Brown, the stable boy, struggling to wrangle a long-legged, eager dog straining against its lead. Its nose worked fast to scent the air. Abigail's arms were wrapped tight across her chest as she glowered at Will.

"Eh -" Will was cringing in dismay. "I think it's an English Foxhound."

This was Hannibal's attempt at providing Abigail a pet. The Duke must be a madman.

"I promise you I suggested a rabbit. He must have –"

"You absolute liar!" Abigail screeched, voice pitching high as she stomped a thin slipper. "I don't want that thing! Send it away right now!"

Matthew looked equally dismayed as Will turned to him. "This is what the Duke suggested as a child's pet?"

"Yessir," Matthew stammered, arms jerking fierce as the dog started pulling toward Abigail, barking eagerly. "He said we could train one of the hunting dogs to manage indoors, but gosh this one's –"

The dog strained, curved nails digging into the grass as it fought toward Abigail, bellowing a keen cry of distress.

"There must have been some sort of mistake, Miss Abigail," Will breathed. "I promise you that I suggested a rabbit."

"What is going on here?" Hannibal was bounding down the rounded stone steps of the manor, drawn by the commotion in the yard.

"Liar!" Abigail yelled again, cherubic cheeks flushing high. "You're just trying to feed Robin to that beast! You're just like Lady Daphne!"

She hugged her arms closer to herself and a sudden wriggling in the folds of her sleeves revealed Robin, squirming and flailing in the tight grip she had around him. “Wait – Robin!”

The rabbit tore from her arms, slipped between her fumbling hands and darted toward the row of yew hedges in a flash of silvered fur. The dog in Matthews hands howled, deafening and long, finally spotting its quarry. Abigail screamed, tearing after Robin and disappearing behind the hedges. The dog grew frantic, pulling fierce against its lead.

“Abigail!”

“Wait!”

With a shout of alarm, Matthew was jerked to tumble forward and lost his hold on the dog’s leash. It scrambled after Abigail and the rabbit, baying loud and triumphant.

“No!” Will dashed into the winding maze of hedges, frenzied, in horror. As he bounded past long corridors of greenery, he could only hope to lead toward the sounds of Abigail’s frightful wails and the dog’s ravening calls. A flash of pale linen caught his eye and he skidded to a stop, heels barely catching as he slid over slick grass. Through an opening in the hedges, Abigail was cowering against a broad wall of shrubbery and the dog was running toward her, shining eyes fixed on the writhing bundle of fur in her arms.

No.

Will was running full tilt, heart in his throat. He couldn’t let her get hurt, Abigail was his charge, she needed to be kept safe, he was so close –

Oh, he wasn’t going to make it time.

He stretched a desperate arm to push her away as a vicelike grip of piercing teeth closed around his wrist, and he was jerked aside, tumbling to the ground.

He fell atop Abigail, terrified and shrieking for herself and her rabbit. Will could barely feel the shock of heat running through his nerves; all he could focus on was shielding them from the howling and frantic barking of the foxhound, seemingly all around them as it circled to corral its prey.

This was all going wrong - how did this happen - poor Abigail was so traumatized, screaming and babbling under him -

The dog’s howling came to an abrupt halt as someone commanding shouted fierce orders from behind Will’s curled back.

-

It was an excellent idea, Will though to himself, to spend Abigail’s noon break in the warmth outside. He stretched, groaning in satisfaction as he laid back in the grass. “Shall we continue your mathematic studies after lunch or would you like to start on your piano lessons?”

Abigail hummed, pensive as she stroked Robin's flattened ears. Will looked up, squinting against the sun.

Her small feet were swinging under voluminous skirts; legs too short to reach the ground from a stone-laid bench. She leaned on an arm with a small frown curling her lips. "I hate piano lessons. They make my wrists hurt."

"That's simply your body adjusting to the posture you need. Once you –"

"Can we learn more about the ten years war?"

Surprise arched Will's brow. "Um," he said slowly, "yes, we can. It's unusual for girls to have such interest in warfare."

Abigail narrowed her eyes.

"Excuse me – for *ladies* to have interest in warfare."

She tugged at the silken stays tied under her chin as she angled to peer from her wide hat. "I just want to know what it's about." Her gaze lifted to the distance as she quieted. "I want to know why all those men had to die."

Raising to his elbows, Will studied her carefully. "War - well I guess politics, are complicated."

"Politics are why our *Lord Duke* was gone for so long."

"Why do you call him –"

"He came back different," Abigail interjected, forlorn and petting Robin with absent notice. "He doesn't talk to me anymore and he hasn't made time to play or go riding with me yet."

"War is hard for everyone. He's only just gotten back, he may need time to readjust to life at home again," Will said. War is indeed hard for everyone. Even delicate, naïve little girls who didn't understand it at all. Despite its complexities, why wouldn't she want to know about something that had taken someone so dear to her, something that had changed him?

"Do you want to go back inside now?" Will suggested, gentle.

Abigail nodded, kissing Robin's fuzzy head once, and laid him on the ground at her feet. His nose twitched, ears pricking to stand straight, before he bounded away into the shelter of distant bushes.

Will made to stand, wincing as he put weight on his weakened wrist.

"What's wrong?" Abigail gasped, eyes rounded in alarm. "Does your arm still hurt? Are you sick?"

She slipped from the bench to her knees beside him and took his hand, turning it over to inspect with breathless care. Will smiled.

“No, thank you. I’m fine. I’ve got barely a scar, see?” He lifted his wrist, unbuttoning a sleeve to reveal pale pink lines grooved over his skin. “It’s been two weeks. I’ve healed perfectly.”

Abigail was distraught but Will was touched for her concern. “You don’t have to be worried about me.”

She froze, caught.

Shaking wispy bangs from her face, Abigail huffed. “I wasn’t worried, I just –” She floundered, having forgotten to be sullen around him.

“You were worried about me,” Will teased as he offered a hand to lift her. “I’ve broken through that grumpy exterior of yours, haven’t I?”

Abigail’s cheeks reddened as her chest swelled with indignity and her foot beat the earth. “I wasn’t worried! I just – I – if something happened to you then I’d have to get a new tutor again and I can’t remember any more names!”

Chin tilting high, she spun toward the manor, leaving Will behind. Abigail was careless for her path as her billowing skirt caught on a low rosebush. If Will had been closer he was certain he would have heard a very inappropriate curse as she wrenched it free and tore through layers of shifts. He trailed her fury, chuckling.

They left the garden and its sunshine behind, passing Matthew’s timid nod as they rounded the stables. Hannibal was speaking with a man holding a roll of canvas under one arm, brow heavy as the man pointed to a long piece of parchment detailing the state of his horses’ hooves. His gaze was caught by a swing of gauzy pleats and whirling lace fast approaching. A look of exasperation slackened his features.

“I’ll be sure to send a footman with payment later.” Hannibal turned to his guest. “I thank you and the horses thank you.”

He waved off the farrier and caught Abigail’s arm as she attempted to stomp past. “What did you do to your dress?”

“Nothing,” she spit, trying to twist free.

“It’s not nothing, Abby,” Hannibal scolded. “This is the third dress in a month that you’ve ruined. Miss Taylor is going to be upset that you’re adding to her mending.”

“It’s nothing!” She cried, wrenching her arm loose. Her face was glowing pink as she seethed at the ground, spite plain beneath a fan of long lashes.

Hannibal tutted and looked toward the sound of Will’s approach. “What have you two been doing? She’s torn another dress.”

Stopping short, Will’s eyes were wide as he tucked his hands behind his back. “We were just walking in the garden, Lord Duke. I thought it best we take a break from studies. And I – I figured it might be good for her to visit Robin –”

“The rabbit?” Hannibal’s eyes narrowed, looking between them. Abigail refused to look up from the ground, pursed lips trembling. “This *pet* of yours, Abigail, seems to be a hindrance to our lives thus far.”

He leveled Will with a sharp look. “I agreed to let her keep an animal at your suggestion, sir. You said a pet was supposed to help her but all it’s done is cause troubles.”

Will lips parted to respond but a sharp cry interrupted him.

“It’s not Mister Graham’s fault and it’s not Robin’s. Leave them alone!”

Abigail turned away to run into the manor’s stone façade. Hannibal’s mouth was a straight, firm line as his eyes followed her.

He rounded on Will once they were alone. Will was mouthing around stumbled excuses. He found none suitable, so he shrugged. “If anyone, you can blame the roses.”

A muscle bulged in Hannibal’s jaw as his lips twisted. “Your time here has been quite fraught, hasn’t it, Mister Graham?”

Will was taken aback, stubbled chin jerking to an angle.

“My apologies but the dog attack was not my fault, my Lord. I suggested she get a rabbit or a cat,” said Will. Hannibal’s curt manner was starting to grate on his nerves. He knew he was toeing the line of discourtesy and the flash in Hannibal’s eye told Will that he agreed. “If you recall.”

Hannibal stood silent, frame utterly still. “Your position here is not guaranteed, Will. You would do well to remember that.”

“Has Abigail’s education been unsatisfactory?” Will could lose his patience.

“Abigail’s education has little to do with any dismissal you may receive.”

“Then what is the problem?”

Hannibal balked. “I beg your pardon?”

“Do you have a problem with *me*?”

Long fingers balled to a fist under frilled pleats, ever so quickly, before Hannibal straightened himself to stand tall. “After everything you’ve done…you’re going to ask what the problem is?”

Will blinked. Fuck caution.

“If I am not welcome here, Lord Duke Lecter,” he pronounced his syllables very clearly, “please tell me now. I will take my leave with a letter of recommendation.”

“Letter of recommendation?” Scandal widened hawkish eyes. “You would ask for more, after what I’ve already given you?”

“You’ve given me everything a man in my position would expect, I have taught your daughter as well as I could have in –”

Hannibal started toward him, darting out a hand to seize Will by his collar as his shoes scuffed in the dirt. “*How dare you?* I’ve had to watch you wander these grounds for weeks after you breezed in and turned my life completely upside down with nary a word of –”

“It’s been barely a fortnight!” Will shouted, beating at Hannibal’s grip until he let go. He distanced himself, blowing chocolate curls from his eyes as he straightened his clothing. “And after that disaster with the dog, I’ve finally made some respectable headway with Abigail’s lessons. She’s proving to be a very motivated student, so I would like the opportunity to nurture that instinct, if you please. This position is my only prospect left in – oh -”

Will stuttered, catching himself. His ire left him as the slip of words frightened him breathless.

“Excuse me, I meant –“ he cleared his throat. “If you’ll give me another chance sir, I promise I won’t let you down.”

Hannibal was breathing hard, fuming as he glared with such familiar fury. He and Abigail really were related. He looked up and down at Will’s tense posture, lip curled as if the taste of bitter resentment laid under his tongue. “This is your last warning, Mister Graham. One more mishap and I will turn you away.”

It was difficult to hold his gaze, to not shy from the weight of Hannibal’s bearing, but Will stiffened in his most courteous of awkward bows before turning toward the manor with his cravat trailing over the nape of his waistcoat. He found Abigail on the marbled floors of the foyer, bawling into the cushions of a tufted divan. He stopped himself before sweeping her into an overfamiliar hug of consolation.

“He hates me.” Abigail wailed, muffled by velveteen fabric. “He hates me and he’s going to send me away to school if I keep making a fuss, I know it.”

“He doesn’t hate you.”

“He does! He never spends time with me, he hates Robin and he’s not the same Hannibal I knew before he left to fight for the commonwealth!”

Abigail lifted teary eyes from the divan. Smiling fond, Will sat on the cushions and pulled her to join him. The swipe of a quickly materialized handkerchief cleared a thin smear of snot from her cheek.

“Lord Duke Lecter loves you Miss Abigail,” he took her hands between his own. “He’ll prove it, just you wait.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Afternoon tea is way awkward. Will fucks up. Hannibal demands answers.

Chapter Notes

Welcome, ever-bumbling, ever-stammering, nervous little Will.

The atrium was balmy, almost overwarm as the sun rose high above thick panes of glass. They were enclosed amongst the wide fans of tropical plants and frilled, colorful flowers. Hannibal, Abigail and Will sat around a grand tea setting, staring at one other with equal measures of apprehension and discomfort.

Getting Hannibal to agree to meet for a picnic had been an awkward affair; afternoon tea was something the duke likely considered to be women's dalliances. But small, clever manipulations from Abigail's tutor persuaded him that she would absolutely need practice with table manners, if she were to marry well one day. What better practice in social etiquette could a duchess receive, than to sup with a duke? It delighted Will to see how desperately Hannibal wanted to roll his eyes. Will tried his best not to laugh until he was out of earshot, after receiving promise of Hannibal's attendance on Saturday.

Abigail was running her thumbs over the dotted stitch in a flare of her skirts as Will's nodded pointedly at her hands. She released the skirt quickly, chastened, as her eyes darted toward Hannibal. He was dressed casually for once. A tuft of curled chest hair peeked beneath a matching linen stock; the modern rebellion in his endless warfare between respectability and boredom.

He sipped his tea with the ease of practiced gentility, while Abigail's shaking fingers lifted a saucer and cup to her lips. It clattered grating and overloud, as she sampled the smallest of sips. Will was trying to hide his subtle gestures and corrections, suggesting Abigail speak with their guest while Hannibal pretended he didn't see the motions.

The look he gave Will was unamused.

As Hannibal cleared his throat to speak, the noise startled Abigail into spilling her drink over a dish of candied fruits. She gasped, blotting quickly at the spill with a handkerchief, knocking over the cup once more with a tinkle of broken ceramic. Will jumped to assist her,

secreting away the mug and whispering reassurances toward the reddened ears poking through her hair. Hannibal closed his eyes, lips twitching in curtailed exasperation.

Will could scold him. She was only nine years old, for goodness' sake. He slid his foot forward, until it connected with the soft leather of Hannibal's boot. A little thrill ran though him as he noticed the Duke's withering glares were beginning to lose their effect on his nerves. He widened his ocean eyes, nodding toward Abigail, urging him to say something, anything.

With a sigh, Hannibal lowered his cup. "You're taller, since I left."

"I was six when you left," Abigail mumbled, crestfallen.

Hannibal looked troubled. "I guess more time has passed than I thought."

The silence that followed was unbearable. This family was hopeless.

Will clapped his hands together, as if the noise would dispel their absurdity. "She's really going be quite tall, one day. Just like you, Lord Duke. Was her mo-"

He froze. Will realized that he had never asked once what happened to the lady of the house. Divorce was not something done, especially not amongst nobles. Her absence could only mean something tragic.

"Excuse me," he cleared his throat of nothing, shaking a tumble of curls from his brow. "Abigail, after tea would you like to show the Duke the spinet piece we've been practicing?"

Her eyes rounded and her hair swayed in a small, jerky movement.

"Oh, come now, you've gotten it perfectly the last three times we've rehearsed."

Abigail glanced at Hannibal, head shaking more firmly. "I – I'm not good enough to play for the Duke yet. He won't want to hear it."

Will was taken aback. Was she so scared of him? And why in the world did she keep –

"The Duke?" He asked, incredulous. "You are family, Miss Abigail, surely you can address him less formally than that."

He turned to their stone-faced companion and raised an expectant brow. Hannibal's countenance could have been a still-life oil.

"You've made such an effort to put together this nice tea-time, haven't you, Lord Duke? Surely such a busy man wouldn't make the effort for just anyone."

The gods help him if Hannibal didn't play along.

"I didn't –" Hannibal's protest died when he saw Abigail's hopeful gaze. He corrected himself with a convincing air of pride. "I organized it, yes, in effect."

Abigail wiped her eyes, sniffing as a small smile bared pearly, rounded teeth.

“Excellent!” Will cheered. “Then to commemorate such an occasion, I insist you address each other like family, please. Leave the honorifics to me today.” He leaned toward Abigail. “Would it be so terrible to call him father?”

He continued, ignorant of their expressions as he gathered a square of buttered bread for his plate. “I guess you could call him Papa, if he’d allow it. But not in company, do remember that.”

“But...”

He looked up, surprised to see Abigail’s confusion. “Would Daddy be better?”

A solid *clink* of ceramic landing on the table turned Will’s attention. Hannibal was looking at him, fist tight around his cup, looking at him like he was the biggest imbecile in the world.

“Abigail is my sister, Mister Graham.”

Will was floored. “Eh – you’re not her father?”

“Not unless I had a child when I was twelve.”

Silently calculating, bewilderment twisted Will’s lips. “How old are you?”

Hannibal was clearly affronted. “I am twenty-one.”

He was younger than Will?

“You’re a lot younger than I thought,” Will blurted, quick to save face. “I can’t believe I’m older than you.”

The teacup was in danger of shattering. “One could take that as an insult, Will.”

“Oh no, please,” Will mollified, lifting a finger. “So sorry - you don’t look old at all! You just look so serious all the time, I thought the wrinkle on your forehead was from age, not from constant frowning, but –”

He knew it was the wrong thing to say, as soon as the words left his lips.

Hannibal looked ready to shout. He bared sharp teeth in retort but a giggle across the table stayed his tongue. Abigail had her mouth covered; eyes jubilant as she watched their exchange. Mirth shook her shoulders, and she abandoned the attempt to stopper herself. Peals of helpless laughter echoed in the atrium as she burst out loud. “He called you old!”

Will would melt through the floor if he could.

“I’m sorry,” he muttered, willing the heat in his cheeks to abate. “It was a misunderstanding, please forgive me.”

Hannibal angled his jaw, eyes flat. “Meet me in my study this evening, please.”

-

If Hannibal’s study was designed to suffocate, it was designed well. Will felt as if he’d been swallowed whole by a late-gothic beast; stomach lined with smoky cedar planks and high ceilings that melded into the shadows of night. He sat in a low armchair, limbs bunched to warm himself from the chilly dismissal he was sure to receive. The fireplace between his own chair and the empty one across from him did nothing to radiate sufficient heat for the icy resignation in his gut.

“Are you sure I can’t offer you a brandy?” Hannibal said as he sat, regal and intimidating despite his casual undress. He was angular, shadowed by the flickering fire beside him.

Will shook his head jerkily, silent. If he was to be fired, he hoped it would be quick.

Hannibal quirked his brow in something like sharp suspicion, sipping his own drink before setting it on an arm of brocade and silk. “Abigail’s gone through two tutors this year alone. You’re the first who’s managed to make it near the end of our trial period.”

“She’s precocious, your sister.”

“Some would say precocious is another word for willful.” His smile would have softened most faces, but the low light of Hannibal’s study threw him into haunting relief.

A barely stifled a sigh nearly slipped from Will’s lips. “She’s only nine, she’s going to test her boundaries. A woman without any will is quite bland indeed.” Will cocked his head. “Abigail is determined - like her brother.”

With a cheek lifted, Hannibal agreed. “Do you think I indulge her too much, in allowing her to choose or dismiss her teachers?”

“I would say that the indulgences you allow are your way of showing affection for your only remaining family member.” Will shook his head slowly, picking his words with care. He swallowed thick, regretting not accepting a drink. “If I had any family left I would give them anything they asked for.”

Hannibal licked over a curved lip.

“I remember what happened to your parents while you were away; I’d almost forgotten. Abigail is the reason you came back, isn’t it?”

Nodding, Hannibal pulled from his tumbler and held the fireplace in a long look. “I lost more than my parents last year. War games became unbearable after that.” He clapped a hand on his thigh. “Have a drink, Mister Graham. I insist.”

He stood to pour Will a heavy splash of brandy, waving away his reluctance as he topped up his own glass.

“My Lord Duke, I –”

“I heard Abigail’s piano lesson the other day. Did you know Grieg was her favorite?”

He delivered a crystal tumbler, swirling with amber, to Will’s hands. “You’ve been teaching her well.”

“She's learning quickly," said Will as he divined the depths of his glass. “Although needs to build stamina for longer pieces. She’ll be ready for a concerto one day. Then there will be no stopping her; she’ll have suitors lined up at the door waiting to whisk her away.”

A low laugh floated between them. “You’ve been the only tutor of hers to suggest we spend time together, you know. Lord Duke Lecter is such a busy man, he certainly wouldn’t have time for his willful, petulant little sister.”

Will studied the wistful look Hannibal gave the fire. He doesn’t know why, but Hannibal’s words were trailing, like he needed to think out loud. Will sipped from his tumbler, licking sweet liquor from his lower lip. Hannibal looked up from the flames, eyes dark as he downed his drink with a quick, furtive motion.

It was impossible to ignore the roll of his throat as he swallowed. Looking at him gave Will no small amount of agony. It was painful to see, knowing his time at the manor, his lessons with Abigail, his confusing interactions with the man before him would soon be at an end. Will could be dismissed during this very conversation. He wondered if he should cut his losses and ask for a referral without the preamble.

A disapproving tut interrupted Will’s musings.

“I thought I had lost a part of myself on the battlefield, Will.” Did Hannibal only use his name when he was angry? “I had let go of certain – hopes, before coming back home. I never thought I could love again. Then for a small moment, I thought I had found it here in the manor.”

“Family has a way of healing wounds,” Will rasped. “It seems Abigail has been good for you.”

Hannibal’s dark eyes narrowed. “That’s not the sort of love I was speaking of.”

“What sort of love did you mean?” Slowly, uncertain.

“Can you really be so callous?”

Will was at a loss, shaking his head. The grip around Hannibal’s tumbler tightened; a crystal grenade unpinned for launch.

“Why did you say this tutoring position was your only prospect for employment?”

They stared at each other, measured and even, for a long stretch of time. A fine line of sweat was beginning to shine Will's upper lip. Hannibal wasn’t going to speak again until he answered, that was clear. Will’s voice was strangled when he spoke next.

“I will take a letter of recommendation before I go, if you please.”

Violence flashed across Hannibal's features, knuckles whitening. His throat worked tight, near trembling before he closed his eyes and took a steadying breath. “You’ll have your letter in the morning if you answer my question.”

“You will provide no such thing, if I answer your question.”

“You would expect me to recommend someone so infuriatingly obstinate to a future employer? With my name, my reputation at risk, none the less. You’ve got some gall, Will.”

Will’s jaw was set, cheek bitten in coppery ire, before he set down his drink to stand. He straightened his coat with all the dignity he could muster. “I bid you good evening, Lord Duke Lecter. You can expect me gone in the morning.”

He turned to leave before a hissed command to sit stopped him short. Will whipped around, eyes blazing. “I will do no such thing, not after such an insult. I have done nothing but provide the best education possible to Lady Abigail and you’ve repaid me with little more than insult and belittling, so excus-”

“I paid you with my body!” Hannibal growled, tumbler cascading to the carpet as he stood and strode toward Will, crowding him to scramble backward against a wall, landing a solid fist beside his head. “Then you ignore me, ignore what we shared, continuing with your days as if it never happened!”

Time stood still.

As shock took the color from his face, as his fingers scrabbled against wainscoting and polished cedar, as his mouth worked around scattered excuses, Will came to an awful, horrifying realization.

His dreams about Hannibal, about himself, curved together, shining with sweat and breathless with pleasure, were no dreams at all.

They were memories.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Things are getting heated between our boys.

Chapter Notes

This is a shorter chapter, leading up to the finale!

“Wha - excuse me?” Will stammered, eyes wide.

Hannibal’s sharp teeth were gritted, bared as he leaned in close. Their noses would touch, lips would brush if he loomed any nearer. “Do not play games with me, Will Graham. I am the lord of this land and will see you –”

“I don’t think – I mean, I thought – did we –”

Chest heaving, Hannibal said nothing, only stared him down with the fury of scorned lovers.

“My Lord Duke.” Will gulped, voice quaking. “Please tell me what you are speaking of.”

Gusts of liquored sweetness buffeted his cheeks, making his eyes sting to gather wells of shining salt and guileless alarm.

Hannibal’s breath caught.

He jerked away, lips pursing as he took in Will’s blatant fear. He blinked once and then stepped back. His chin jerked, as if he was clearing his head. As if clearing his muddled, hurt feelings.

“You really don’t remember, do you?”

Will was searching his eyes, lip bitten in the effort to stymy its trembling. He took a slow, shuddering breath laced with brandy and shame. “I think - I think I do.” His eyes darted away. His voice was small. “And I thought I had been dreaming when I asked for -”

Before him, Hannibal was blinking fast, barely breathing.

“In the foyer, after you came from town on your day off –” Hannibal said, stilted in memory. “And then in the infirmary, after you were bitten –”

The lip between Will's teeth was aching.

Hannibal ran a hand over his mouth, reliving stolen kisses and clever twists of tongue. He swallowed hard.

"You were intoxicated," he muttered low. A shaking hand slid to run through sandy hair. Hannibal's brow was creased deep; eyes squeezed tight against wretched understanding. "Oh Will, I - I have done you a terrible disservice."

He stepped back to his chair, gaze downcast as he sat, elbows dug into his thighs. Will relaxed from the wall, relaxed from the ramrod straight posture of defense where he stood. A shaky breath left him and he stepped toward his own chair.

"My Lord Duke," Will started, "Ha – Hannibal."

He looked up, wounded.

"You did me no disservice. My memories of our –" Will struggled to find the words, "- of our *time* together, are nothing but cherished."

A lesser man would have scoffed. "Please Mister Graham, you do not need to pardon my misdeeds. I have behaved unforgivably as an employer." Hannibal stood, incapable of inertia, gathering his forgotten tumbler and led toward the beverage bar. His defeated, piteous tone tugged at Will's heart painfully. "I will provide you your recommendation in the morning. Along with a carriage into town, if you prefer."

He emptied his newly refreshed drink to drown his wretchedness in the sting of candied fire.

"I don't." Will's eyes were wide, shining in the firelight, as his fingers arched deep into fabric. "I don't prefer."

His eyelids lowered, eyes darting fast, as he took a deep breath. He rounded the chair and lowered himself into the silken brocade once more. "I will take another drink, if you don't mind."

Neither spoke until Hannibal poured his drink and settled across from him as the fire's jumping shadows danced across the floor. Fire must be tempered, lest it leap its bounds. And Hannibal had been drowning himself in liquor.

A wavering sigh broke the silence between them as Will steeled himself to speak.

"I wouldn't prefer a letter of recommendation. I would prefer to stay here and continue Miss Abigail's studies. If I attempted to find another job in town, I would find nothing. Even with your word of good faith. People would probably think –" he paused, eyes sharp as he looked up to Hannibal's depthless gaze. He emptied his tumbler in a quick, fiery gulp. "People would assume I had seduced you somehow. That I had – um - offered myself to gain your favor."

Hannibal kept very still. Will's chest expanded with a deep, fortifying breath. "I used to work for the ministry of foreign affairs, some months ago. I had gotten *close* with the

administrator’s son and well – rumors spread. I was dismissed rather quickly.” He looked to the floor as warmth spread across his cheeks. If only he could blame the brandy. “No one would hire me, no matter where I looked. Then word of the position in Lecter Manor was sent my way, so I applied," Will refused to look up from the carpet. A small noise from the man before him made him flinch.

“Will.”

He trembled, eyes fluttering to stem the tears of shame gathering against his most desperate wishes. But Will refused to look up. He would be ruined, reputation, dignity, soul alike.

"I know my time here has been fraught with misfortune, as you said, but your sister has grown on me and I've finally gotten through to her. If you allow me to stay, please, I don't have to bother you with her concerns. I can send word with Miss McClane and you'll know all you need to. We don't - we don't have to speak at all, if you'd prefer. I deeply regret the misunderstanding; what we shared was wonderful from what I can remember."

A knee bent to rest beside his feet and gentle fingers lifted his chin. Hannibal was blurred before him, a formless wavering of bronzed skin and pale linen, and Will jerked to turn away. Hannibal stopped him, and an unbearably tender thumb brushed a disobedient tear from his cheek.

“You didn’t deserve that, Will. I’m terribly sorry you were hurt so.”

Will wouldn’t cry out loud, he wouldn’t.

He sniffed, blinking away sorrow and bitter memory. His lips felt swollen as he licked sudden dryness from them. He glanced up to Hannibal finally, shamed and sore.

“I would like to stay, if that is agreeable.” Will cleared the rasp from his throat. “Abigail will be well tended to.”

Hannibal’s honeyed eyes roved over his face, careful and steady.

“I would like to kiss you, if that is agreeable.” His smile was damn near cheeky. “Abigail will be well tended to in the morning.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Rejoice! My weekend plans have been getting scrambled around and I'm doubting my ability to post this on time, so I'm posting it now while I have the chance. Hope you enjoy. 😘

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke to overwhelming warmth surrounding him. He was in Hannibal's embrace, face pressed tight into his chest.

His very bare, very fuzzy chest.

Hannibal wasn't even wearing a night shirt.

Will gasped, looking down at himself. He was still in his undershirt from the evening before. Still wearing the majority of his clothing. He had fallen asleep last night, after little more than comforting caresses and promising kisses. Their kisses were gentle, exploratory, timid, as they secreted through darkened halls to Hannibal's chambers. They had grown heated and urgent in his bed before Hannibal urged him to rest from the tumult of the evening.

Heaving a great sigh, Will relaxed, submitting to the undertow of soft cotton and lingering sleep. Then he jerked in fright.

"Hannibal," he hissed, twisting to pull from heavy arms. "I've got to leave, someone is going to –"

The deep rumbling in Hannibal's chest was his response, throat graveled from slumber. He pulled Will in tighter and ignored his wheeze of protest.

"Let me go." Will pushed at him; it was futile resisting such powerful muscles but he tried regardless. "Someone is going to see us like this and –"

"It's Sunday, Mister Graham," rumbled Hannibal. "No attendants will bother us and Abigail will be gathered for prayer. Sleep. It is early still."

A heavy sigh was pressed into wild, mussed curls. Will would not be silenced. He writhed in the sheets, sputtering as Hannibal held him tighter still.

"Someone will notice that I'm not –" Will yelped as Hannibal rolled to his back, pulling him astride the firm heat of his body.

“What must I do to keep you in my bed, wicked thing? Hmm?" Hannibal finally opened his eyes, though a challenge narrowed his gaze. "No one will notice you missing, and no one dares wake me on my days of rest. You are mine to keep until I bid you free to escape.” He ran a hand through the tangle of Will’s hair and pulled him close, claiming his lips in a brush of soft skin and small licks.

A warmth ran down Will’s back, dipping beneath the swell of his rear to tuck him against an unmistakable hardness under his breeches.

“And I intend to keep you for a while.”

Will shivered, eyes blowing wide as a heat spread low within him. “My Lord –”

“I am not your lord here.” Hannibal’s lips danced over Will’s smooth cheek, the slick tip of a tongue dipped into his ear. “In this bed I am simply yours.”

Trembling fingers tightened in their hold around Hannibal’s shoulders and Will pushed himself to sit, trying his best to ignore the rigidity nestled between the parting of his legs. “You are mine?”

Hannibal nodded, rubbing a mess of tawny locks in the pillows. “Yours to command. What will you have me do, Mister Graham?”

“I would have you call me Will.” He would hear Hannibal moan his name, taste the fine syllable as it was uttered in pleasure rather than exasperation.

He trailed tentative fingers down the smattering of hair covering Hannibal's broad chest. After Will flicked his thumb over the bud of a pink nipple, Hannibal stiffened in answer; a quiet chuckle parting his lips. Will gave an experimental roll of his hips, sliding his own thickening length against a soft belly as he lifted Hannibal’s palm to cover himself. His cock was framed by his breeches, pinned to a slender thigh in salacious relief. Hannibal squeezed with a widening grin, brushing his thumb over the darkening spot in the fabric. Will’s breath left him in a heady sigh.

“I would have you touch me,” barely a whisper.

He rocked against the length beneath him, and Hannibal’s strength gathered, firm arms stiffening, to pull Will close as he sat up and settled him in his lap. Will leaned into the motion, rocking forward into the hands pulling at the bindings of his pants, leaned into Hannibal’s gravity as their mouths collided with strengthening hunger. When Will was exposed from his tights, weeping and stiff, a strangling grip around his length made him whimper high into Hannibal’s mouth.

The needy thrust into his hand was helpless, heedless of dignity or respect. Will rolled and rocked, burning through as the slip of firm fingers and sticky skin muddled his thoughts. Hannibal was staring up at him with a need, with barely checked savagery as his arm pumped slowly. “Is this all it would take, Will? Would you melt in my arms with naught but a clever twist of fingers?”

Will shook his head once, pulling at the plumped flesh of Hannibal's lip with his teeth.

"I would have you fuck me, Hannibal," he growled, eyes flashing bright. He urged Hannibal's hand to his rear, to tuck fingers between flexing mounds of rounded muscle and to smooth over the most intimates parts of him. "I would have you deep inside of me so I could feel you for days to come."

"Yes," Hannibal whispered. "Yes – take off your clothes."

He turned them to their sides, hands scrambling at bleached linen and stretched cotton. Will was barely nude himself before Hannibal lay long and bare before him. What seemed like endless stretches of firm olive skin was pressed against his body; a forbidden thrill of need running through him as a cool trail of slick smeared across his thigh when Hannibal's cock pushed against him.

Oh, by the stars above.

Diving forward to capture his lips again, Will tasted the promise of sin and salvation, felt his wildest of dreams materialized into unbelievable reality.

"Hannibal can I –" he swallowed, shy. "Can I see you..."

Hannibal slid a warm hand along his throat, tilting his chin up. Blue storms bounced between pools of deep amber. "Tell me."

"I want you to – to touch yourself. So I can see."

The grin baring Hannibal's crooked teeth was predatory. "How would you have me?"

Will sat up, encouraging Hannibal to do the same. He instructed him to sit against the carved headboard above and retreated to the end of the bed. Hannibal was amused as he watched Will fold himself into a comfortable position; turgid cock nestled in a swath of dark curls. He cocked a eyebrow.

It was so very hard for Will to raise his voice. "Spread your legs for me."

"Come again?"

"Spread – spread your legs."

As long limbs parted in a flex of fine muscle, Will held his breath.

Hannibal was dark between his legs; trails of waved hair thickened to a plush nest of curled tendrils that Will wanted to bury his fingers in, framing a heavy length dripping a widening spot on the sheets. The look Hannibal was giving him was hungry and extraordinarily curious.

"Touch yourself, please."

Bending a knee, Hannibal ran a crimson trail of clawed nails along his inner thighs, easing away tension, massaging in a luxurious tease. He gathered himself between his hands, squeezing, until a rush of strangled veins engorged his skin taut and flush with color. Hannibal hefted the weighty sac between his legs, rolling and pinching skin to stretch thin. When he finally wrapped a hand around himself to pull slow and strong, Will's breath left him.

The terrible ache in his groin was unignorable and Will stretched long, slipping a balmy palm over himself and squeezing tight. Neither spoke, enraptured and mouths agape as they watched the other pleasure themselves.

The bunch and pull of fleshy skin covering Hannibal's slickened cockhead moved so easily, slipped sticky over the flare of blushing muscle. Will could already feel that skin on his tongue, could tug on it with soft lips, could-

"You're drooling, Mister Graham."

Will swallowed thick. He could barely think - a vision of honed muscle and sensuous masculinity was bared before him; arm rippling and pumping to stroke a meaty muscle of strength and promise. At his bequest.

"Of course I am," he breathed. "A feast lays before me."

"Would you take a bite?"

"I would take more than that."

Slow and sure, Will crawled forward on hands and knees, laying kisses along Hannibal's outstretched leg, running over his knee, until lips met the stilled knuckles of a thick fist. He looked up through a fan of lashes, tongue widening flat over heady, salted skin. "Will you feed me?"

He received a pleased hum in response. Hannibal held himself firm and tangled fingers into Will's hair, guiding him to his cock. Will's world darkened, narrowed to the velvety flesh slipping between his lips, the solid girth pushing further and further into his mouth. Another hand rested upon Will's head, and he let himself be directed, be used as Hannibal rolled his hips, easing himself deeper and deeper into a suction of wet, sweltering heat. Hannibal's pained groans, his stiffening thighs, his tightening fingers were all praise, all gratuity, all the encouragement that Will needed.

As his head was lifted and lowered, he could feel his lips swelling to tenderness, his teeth grazing over raised veins that seemed to encourage his duke all the more. His scent was strong at its source, musky and peppered.

"Will," Hannibal grit, breath hissing between his teeth. "You are perfect Will, just perfect."

With a groan, he brought him to his lips and supped from the salted nectar of his mouth. "Tell me, sweet thing, pray tell me what more you want and I'll give you anything."

Panting in overheated desperation, Will paused. What he wanted was – indelicate.

It was impossible to ask, even with the liberties they had taken with each other. Lashes fluttering fast, Will hesitated, then urged Hannibal down to lay prone. He tongued a deep, searching kiss into his mouth and gathered his courage to turn and sweep a thigh over Hannibal's chest. A groan from behind encouraged him to bend low and swallow around Hannibal once more. He sucked deep, as far as he could manage while searing hands parted him in shameless display.

Sharp teeth closed around the swell of his rear, making Will moan around the thickness plugging his throat. He could cry for the warm tongue licking over the gathering of his sac, the sway of his leaking cock brushing against Hannibal's chest, the blunt nails running down his thighs. It was delectable and raw, but not what he needed, not enough.

A wiggle of enticement earned nothing but a spank to his rear. Hannibal's grin was mischievous as Will turned to frown at his bright eyes and colored cheeks. "I told you to ask for what you want, Mister Graham."

Will dropped his head to Hannibal's thigh and mumbled indecipherably. A nip to the fleshiest part of him made him jump in an attempt to wriggle away but he was held fast. "Tell me what you want."

"I want your tongue on me," he told Hannibal's skin.

He received a kiss. Nowhere near where he wanted it.

"Dammit Hannibal –" Will froze. He'd never said anything so rude before.

"Where do you want my tongue, Will?"

"Inside of me," he relented, eyes squeezed shut in shame.

It's exactly what he gets.

A long, wet lave over the parting of his cheeks sent him reeling. Will stiffened, fingers clenching in sheets and hips rolling as Hannibal licked over him; smooth lips suckled on the wrinkled skin of his rim as a pointed tongue dipped into the breach of his body. A piteous moan slipped past Will's lips as Hannibal tunneled in deeper, wriggling and swirling, wetting him to a slick shine. Hannibal's stubble was burning him bright, raising red, tingling marks of passion over his skin.

As Hannibal's flushed length brushed across his lips, Will remembered to attend to the gracious lover granting him his most unutterable desires. He swallowed him down, angling to get him as deep as his throat allowed. A moan between his cheeks skittered shivers up Will's spine and he reached behind himself, urging Hannibal's face closer.

And it was so good; Hannibal was dedicated to his task. He spread Will wide with clawed fingers and supped from the textures and flavors of his skin. A boiling heat was building in Will's core, he jerked with each clever swipe of tongue, with each nibble of edged teeth. He

was soaked, softened and nearing orgasm before he had to pull from Hannibal's cock. He was panting hard, thighs quaking as he twisted to pull away.

He needed to come. Now. Around the deliciously fattened length before him.

Will turned and mounted Hannibal's hips with urgency. He was writhing, trying to get a close as possible, grinding into Hannibal's stomach as he thrust hard; heedless of the burning friction of their skin, of the raspy whines in his throat, of the sharp nails in his hips.

"I need you to fuck me," he pled, "I need you inside of me please, do you have any oil?"

Hannibal bit his lip sharp, earning a whimper before flipping Will to his back. He laid between his knees, grinding his solid length into him once before standing to lead to an oaken armoire. Panting, Will watched him walk, bare and proud, as he slipped a hand between his thighs to ease the pressure in himself. He rolled over again, rubbing his cheek in silken sheets and thrusting into the tunnel of his palm.

He moaned into the bedclothes, rear clenching tight as he rut with unabashed need. Soon, Hannibal would be inside of him, stretching him wide and delirious, and Will would be unhindered to remember it for once. He smiled into the sheets when the bed dipped with Hannibal's returning weight and warm hands smoothed along his thighs to prop him to his knees.

He made to lift, to kneel, but a hold against his back kept him bent. Looking over his shoulder, Will was delighted at the rapt attention focused on the swell of his rear. He wiggled, a tease, a command for action that spurred a rumble deep in Hannibal's chest. A slick thumb spread his cheeks and stroked over the furled entrance of his body.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," Will panted. "Now."

When Hannibal notched the spongy head of his cock against him, Will gripped the wrist at his hip and pulled him forward until Hannibal fell forward against him. He was penetrated quick, almost too quick as a bolt of terrible pleasure ran through him.

Hannibal grunted in surprise. "Will-"

"No," Will growled, "fuck me now."

A quick hand pulled at his hair, vicious and exact. "Is that what you would have me do, Mister Graham?"

"Yes," he spit, and wasted little time in thrusting back against the oiled length splitting him wide. A chuckle rumbled in his ear before sharp teeth buried into his shoulder. Hannibal held him down and thrust forward once, hard, as stars burst behind Will's eyelids.

Yes, this is what Will wanted. He wanted to be fucked, to be sore, to have a daily reminder of the strong and infuriating nobleman behind him giving him all he's got. He wanted Hannibal's hips grinding into his rear just so, to hear the clap of their skin, to have his hair

pulled to exquisite distress. Hannibal's breath was billowing over his nape, his body was curved deep over him as he thrust with quickening speed. Will was surrounded by him, by his musk in the sheets, by his warmth covering his back, by his rumbling enthusiasm in his ear.

"I'm going to fill you to bursting," Hannibal growled, teeth close to his sweaty nape. "Are you going to come around me while I do so?"

"Yes," Will panted, writhing and tugging at the sheets. "Please, come in me please, I need it."

Hannibal flipped him to his back, spread his thighs and thrust back inside with a quick, dizzying motion. His hole was being stretched so wide, nerves singing with ecstasy for the taut length spearing him deep. Hannibal was perfect, so very perfect.

Will squeezed a hand around himself to stroke fast over his straining, leaking length. "I'm going to come Hannibal, please come inside of me –"

The cock stretching him swelled, stiffened to purpling vascularity as Hannibal bucked and swayed. Will was shivering, gasping and rolling toward his orgasm and when two tunneling fingers wedged into him atop the length inside and plunged deep. He was overcome.

Breaths shallow and high, Will was shuddering as his orgasm bore down on him, tearing senses asunder and loosing wordless babbles of praise. "Fuck Hannibal – fuck, please."

Hannibal was so hard, so thick and his knuckles were stroking so perfectly over the most delicious of places as Will came, shouting in the air as his toes curled and his cock burst to spill over his fingers. Hannibal gripped his thigh tight, grunting through gritted teeth as he was helpless to deny the pulsing squeeze around him, jerking Will onto a twitching, grinding cock that loosed torrents of sticky seed within him. He thrust hard, grunting, planting himself deep and coating the tunnel milking him of his spend.

The last twitches of Hannibal's release made him jump, as did the slip of his softening cock from his body. The trail of seed from him tickled as it ran down the crease of his cheeks to soak the bed. Hannibal gathered Will, sweating and limp, into his arms and held him tight as they caught their breath.

"Can I tell you something?' Hannibal whispered to Will's brow, tasting the salt of his exertions.

Floating on bliss, Will hummed.

"You've been the only one to disagree that I've been too indulgent with Abigail."

Will cocked his head. "That's what you were thinking of during sex?"

A chuckle parted Hannibal's lips. "No, I was thinking that I would give you anything you wanted, in this entire world, if it kept you looking at me like that. The only other person I would indulge so is Abigail."

Entwining slippery fingers, Will raised their hands to kiss Hannibal's knuckles. "I know you love her."

“And I would dote upon you just as much, for as long as you’ll have me.”

Chapter End Notes

Ugh, my little heart.

Thank you for reading, friends. I have a really fucking long story coming up so it may be a while before I post another monster to really sink your teeth into but little stories like this will come up along the way. I promise it will be weird and fun like the others.

Also, is it considered double penetration to put your fingers inside of someone when they're already - um - full? I don't know if I've ever come across a specific term for that move. Let me know if you have!

<3

Lu

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!